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Register
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Boston Latin School
REGISTER

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Cover Design

A composite by Joao Resende

IT is quite difficult for us today to wholly perceive the time span of three and a half centuries; it seems to be only a few days back. However, if one were to stop and think, three hundred and fifty years is a time vast and distant in its own capacity; a time somewhat lost in the innocence of a young world, and drowned by all that has happened since. As we strain our eyes through the retiring fogs, the immense history of this time span, so profound in its vastness, is revealed. While we transplant ourselves into that time when the world was young, the brown barren landscape changes into a youthful and colorful green; a golden ray of sun dances in the light crispy air.

We have a right to celebrate our school's 350th with pride. This right is backed by opulent traditions and a history pregnant with events. The great people who have traveled these halls stand predominantly in the eyes and hearts of the nation. While Latin has witnessed the passage of civilization's ever changing history, it has also actively partaken in the shaping of our national history and heritage. In its epic journey through three and a half centuries, Boston Latin School has not only crossed vast distances of time, but it has also stood witness to the dramatic transformation of civilization from huts to space shuttles. If it were a video-recorder of sorts, through it we might witness the founding of the renowned Academie Francaise, the rise and fall of the Manchu Dynasty, the Peace of Westphalia, the birth of J.S. Bach, Jefferson, Joyce, and Eliot, Goya's 'The Third Day,' Marx's Das Kapital, the Victorian Age of Romanticism, the Union severed, the Industrial Revolution, the World at War, the Bolsheviki Revolution, the rise of that venomous dictator, Hitler, the loss of innocence in Viet Nam, and Columbia in flight...

The things that have happened and the changes that have taken place during this long and colorful pageant of three and a half centuries are far beyond our grasp. Human knowledge became unmanageably vast as human relations became more complex. Every science had begotten a dozen more; physics found a universe in the atom, biology a microcosm in the cell... We unearthed buried cities and civilizations long forgotten, as cyclical history continued down its winding path. Theology crumbled and political theory cracked; economic struggles and the rise of the oppressed, overthrew governments and inflamed the physical world.

Three hundred and fifty years, however, has not seen much change in human instincts. We have not yet learned not to make war on our neighbors. Nor have we learned that MX missiles don't feed our children, nor clothe them, nor shelter them... That to a crying baby hunger has no color; race becomes irrelevant. The children of the poor and the famine-stricken, whose eyes look into a dim future, do not deserve to die, as we continue nuclear proliferation... There is no higher form of insanity! When, if ever, will the world learn that many people just want to live, work, and tend to their children? How can humanity call itself civilized when a patently unacceptable racist minority imposes a systematic separation and debasement of the overwhelming majority? Are we really civilized when we merely stand by as a savage regime, fiends in angelic disguise, full of treachery and void of human principles, prey upon innocent civilians?...

Boston Latin School will have had a tremendous impact upon our education, intellectual growth, and character.

Its greatness and adherence to a scholarly tradition that has never been compromised is paralleled by very few. This greatness is embodied in graduates: White, Hancock, Wright, Adams, Beecher, Emerson, Sumner, Santayana; graduates who have enriched our language and philosophy, and who have contributed to our nation's greatness through

their vision and struggle for freedom, seeking to create a more just society. The vision and lessons that they have passed down to us must continue to flourish. Let the moulders of our nation and the world in the future be sons and daughters of the great Latin School.

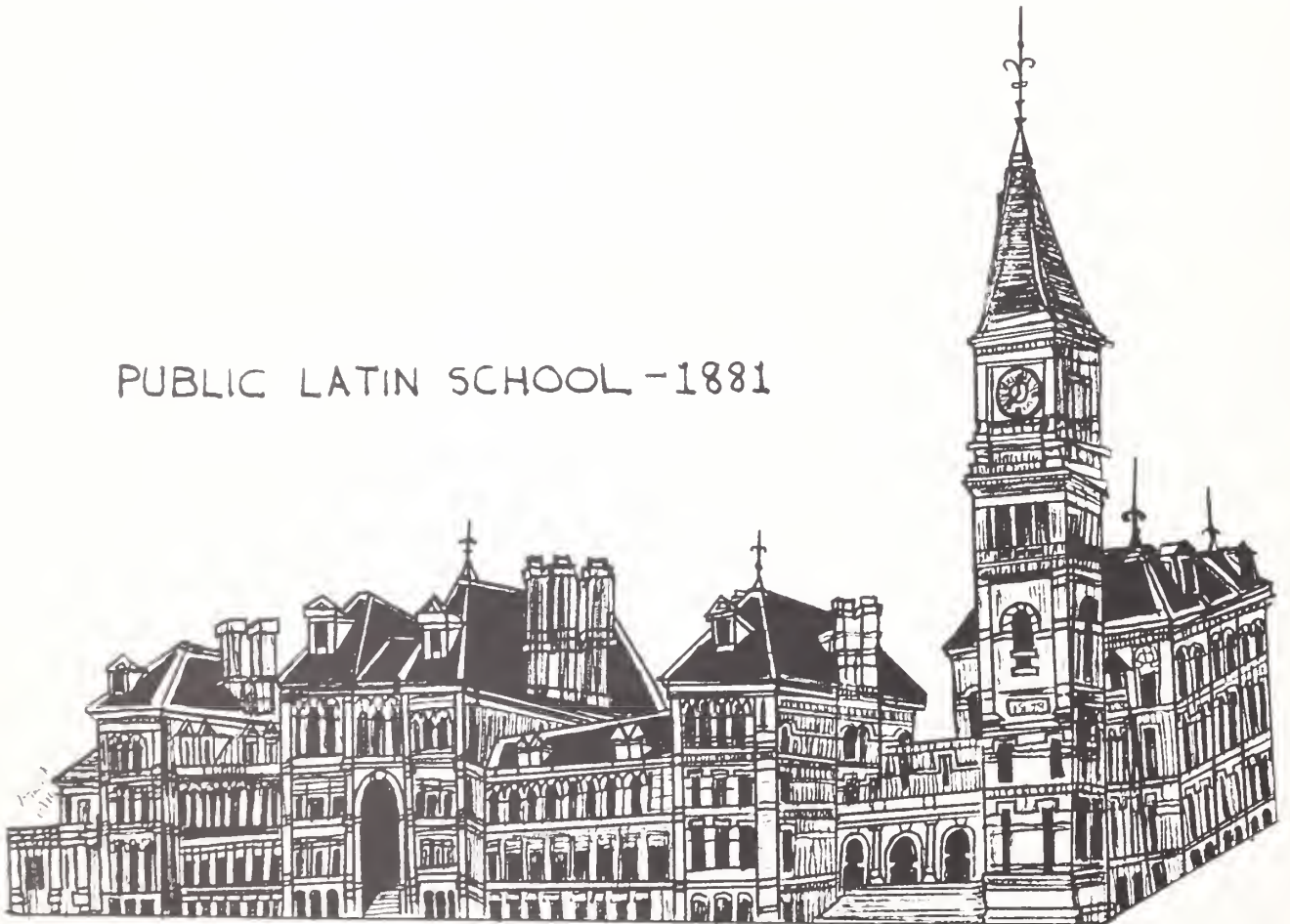
Our 350th shall indeed be a golden chapter in our opulent history and heritage. Will we allow those of the 450th to be a chapter in a bloody history? Or will there be a 450th? Shall we have destroyed ourselves or moved on to better things, better worlds? The world is an epic drama, whose climax will either usher in a new era of perpetual peace and social order, or will find civilization in caves. We must have an impact upon the history to come and the destiny of the world. Shall we not render our highest services to the human family? Shall we not work to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and free the captive? Or are we going to be among the fallen in an unaccounted history - erasing all memories of an innocent beginning, and destroying all fears of an end...

Today we celebrate our 350th...

"...I HAD MONUMENTS MADE OF BRONZE, LAPIS LAZULI. ALABASTER,... AND WHITE LIMESTONE... AND INSCRIPTIONS OF BAKED CLAY... I DEPOSITED THEM IN THE FOUNDATIONS AND LEFT THEM FOR FUTURE TIMES..."

- Esarhaddon, King of Assyria

PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL - 1881



I

Running
through the maze,
crashing
through the walls,
mister Irish republican
and mademoiselle la mort
are fleeing the storm,
leaving nothing behind but
cinders and corpses.

(Jesus smiles upon them,
just as he smiled at the crowd one
Friday a while back.)

On a hill
near Belfast, the boy and girl
will be married next Sunday.
And for a while
time shall stand still.

The sun of Sunday shines
through shaded window-glass.
The child looks with wonder;
awake, she sits in bed.
The sun of post-dawn Sunday
shines down upon the dead.

The father, still asleep,
the sunrise cannot see.
He cannot hear the murmur
of ocean's tidal sound.
A year today, her father
lies buried in the ground.

Rain shall come someday, my child;
the sky turn mournful gray.

- Thomas DeFreitas

II

"My son, my son, why have you forsaken me?"
Because the roads of Ulster have taken me
Nowhere.
Because you fought with me, ma,
About your religion and you taught me
Nothing.
And because yesterday morning you set up the barricade
near Tammy McDavitt's and you didn't let him get by.
And because you haven't said a word to Julia Jones
since her youngest daughter got pregnant.
And because nothing stirs your blood, you bleeding
hypocrite,
Not the pain of others nor the funerals, not even
The sight of your son getting nailed to a cross.

III

Look who's on TV! There's
good old Queen Elizabeth
with all her dominions and
lack of opinions and
her noble purple blood.
And here I am looking at this,
good old me,
with my da who's dying in this filthy flat
and my ma who's crying, and the peeing cat,
and ten worthless pennies to my name.

IV

O, my dear Ulster.
"Ulster will fight
And Ulster will be right,"
that's how it goes, so they say.
But after four generations,
seventy bloody Easters,
you still haven't found
a different way.

- Thomas DeFreitas

"THE DIAMOND"

Part I

Years ago I found a diamond.
I thought it to be a beautiful and precious gem.
Greater than emeralds, rubies, or sapphires;
My stone outshined all of them.

Its sparkling aura filled me with warmth.
Its unique design opened my eyes.
I gave it my undivided attention.
The rest of the world stood by.

I held it with both hands,
Vowing to keep it forever.
Each day was filled with joy.
Each hour was filled with laughter.

But then my hands grew weary.
The shine began to fade.
I didn't realize at the moment
that it was because of my shade.

For I had possessed the gem for so long
I believed it to be eternally mine.
But I had failed to realize one thing,
And now I admit I was blind.

To keep a diamond special
You must always give good care.
Even if it means sacrifices
And heavy burdens to bear.

I've lost my diamond now,
No longer glittering in my hands.
It lies dim somewhere in the darkness,
A speck among the sands.

But I've learned an important lesson.
One I hope you'll easier learn;
That to enjoy the warmth of a fire
You must chop the wood to burn.

"THE DIAMOND"

Part II

My search continues on the shore,
Closely examining every grain,
Hoping to find my special crystal,
And at last end all this pain,.

But the search is very tiresome.
My hands are getting sore.
But the prize is worth the suffering.
I know I can search some more.

The days drag on like centuries.
The trail behind is long.
Yet the beach continues farther,
Even as I write this song.

I know that I will stumble
And be sprawled across the sand.
But let me wipe off the gravel
And be on my way again.

My search continues on the shore,
Closely examining every grain,
Hoping to find my special crystal,
And at last end all this pain.

"THE DIAMOND"

Part III

My hands are covered with blisters.
My knees are covered with mud.
The shore and I have untied.
The ocean has become my blood.

My thoughts are no longer my own,
Distinct in form as the sea,
Violent as the storm that men fear,
And calm as calm can be.

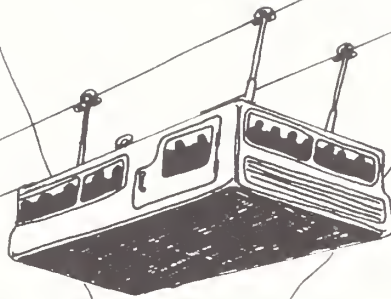
I have seen the ports of all nations.
I have heard what they had to say.
They invited me into their harbors
For as long as I wished to stay.

I thanked God for these many places
Where I could channel my waters through.
I am returning from my long voyage,
Rising from the ocean blue.

The beach looks much brighter now.
The sand and sunlight blend.
I think I'll leave the seashore
For another soul to tend.

My quest has not yet ended,
Nor to exhaustion did I yield.
As the rain decays the mountain,
My hands need time to heal.

- Tommy Szeto



THE ARGUMENT

Charlotte Mandell

A door opened, and we were herded onto an outdoor platform to await the arrival of the cable car. It had already begun its ten thousand-odd foot ascent, and I could see it in the distance, a miniature red speck suspended in the air above the vast glaciers of snow and ice. We waited out there in the below freezing temperature for what seemed like hours; although we were packed too closely together to move at all, our body heat kept each other warm -- relatively speaking, that is.

And this is supposed to be for fun, I thought. Here we are, huddled together on a platform in the middle of a wilderness of snow and ice, and we're here -- more or less -- of our own free will. In fact, we had spent large sums of money to get here.

We were standing on the Aiguille du Midi, one of the many jagged peaks of Europe's tallest mountain, Mt. Blanc. And it was cold. Nothing living or moving could be seen among the formidable peaks of rock and the vast expanses of snow, nothing, that is, except a few hardy black-birds, and us. Tourists from all over the

world had come to this spot, and more were pouring onto the icy banks of the mountain by the dozens. One group would be stuffed into a cable car in Chamonix while another was being loaded at the Aiguille; the two would travel up, or down, and the occupants would be deposited at their destinations; then the cars would be reloaded and the whole process would start anew. The cars were packed with as many passengers as possible, which insured a good profit for the owners and a thoroughly uncomfortable ride for us. This is what I was thinking as I shivered on the platform along with thirty or so other unfortunate souls. And we paid good money for this, I thought.

Suddenly a bell rang and we prepared for the dreaded squeeze into the approaching cable car. As soon as the car came to a full stop, the doors were flung open and the unbearable cursh to get inside began. I was shoved, or more accurately, thrown into the already crowded compartment along with my fellow passengers. Just when I was sure I could no longer endure the squeezing and pushing and jostling, the

doors slammed shut and, with an abrupt jerk, the car began the descent.

As soon as I had caught my breath, I looked around at my fellow travelers and tried to get my bearings. One person I couldn't ignore was an old man wearing a Basque beret. He was standing next to me, or perhaps I should say on top of me, since he was standing quite firmly on my right foot.

"Excusez-moi, monsieur, mais ... mon pied..."

He apparently hadn't heard, or at least he'd pretended not to hear, as his foot remained planted on mine. Great, I thought, I'll just stand here in pain for half-an-hour or so and I'll never be able to walk right again. I'll just collapse when we get to the bottom, and I'll be trampled on my dozens of rude, insensitive, self-centered tourists, and all because of some deaf old Basque who refused to get off my foot....

"EXCUSEZ-MOI, MAIS MON PIED..."

He looked at me in surprise, as if he hadn't known I existed, and hastily removed his foot, saying in a crisp British accent, "So sorry. The compartment is so crowded, though, that I find it quite difficult to find a place to stand, don't you?"

Oh boy, I thought, he's English, you fool!

"Um, yes, quite. I'm sorry I snapped at you like that; it's just that I ... I thought you were French, what with the beret and all..."

It's going to be a long ride, I thought, a long, long ride.

I had just repositioned myself and settled into a somewhat less uncomfortable position when I was jolted back and the cable car came to an abrupt halt, throwing us all, in one big heap, onto the floor. There ensued quite a commotion while we picked ourselves up and brushed off the dust from our clothes. We stared at one another accusingly, as if each thought it was the other's fault. However, we hadn't had much time to wonder at the disturbance when a shouting was heard from across the car. We all turned to face the commotion, or perhaps I should say "tried to face" it, as there were at least fifteen people between me and whatever the commotion was; so I had to make do with whatever was being said.

All I could make out was that there were two men, a Frenchman and an Italian, and they were arguing furiously about something. Fortunately, though, the Englishman understood Italian, and he related the occurrence to me as best he could.

It seemed that the Italian man was a tourist, and in his haste to get a spot near a window he had pushed aside -- of all people -- the operator of the car, a Frenchman. There followed a heated dispute during which the operator stopped the cable car and refused to start it up again less the Italian apologized. This, of course, the Italian refused to do; so the two kept arguing and the car kept swaying, and the passengers kept getting more and more alarmed.

Well, kid, this is it, I thought, as I stared in horror at the gaping crevasses thousands of feet below. This is the end of the road.... What a way to go. I could just see us all starving to death months later, held hostage by the operator. Starving to death... I'd rather jump into the crevasses below, I thought. It's much quicker. But is it less painful? Death by a broken neck or by freezing to death in a bottomless chasm....Thousands of years later, I thought, my body would be discovered beneath the snow and ice by some archaeologists or, better yet, construction workers. That's it! They'd be excavating the site for Mt. Blanc Condominiums and they'd just happen upon my bones. An "expert" would deduce that I was a young male between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, and that I'd lived sometime in the 1800's. What a way to go....

Meanwhile the Italian and the Frenchman were going at it worse than ever, each not understanding a word of what the other was saying, but shouting all the more loudly, as if that would make the other comprehend. No one knew quite what to do, except stay as far away from the arguers as possible, which each did, making my side of the car all the more cramped and unbearable. Death by lack of oxygen....

The pitch of the two men's yelling suddenly increased, something which I hadn't thought possible. I found that if I inched a little farther forward I could hear them more clearly and even catch a glimpse or two of them.

They were standing quite close to each other, their fists clenched at their sides or waving threateningly in the air; and they were throwing insults at each other. I had never before seen so much rage as I saw in their faces: they were deep red, and looked ready to burst; their eyes were dilated and their lips trembling. The Frenchman would hurl some slang insult in French at the Italian, who would return a similar one in his own language. The longer this went on, the more impotent their rage became; finally, someone from the crowd yelled out to the Frenchman, "He can't understand you!" This occasioned a brief respite from the arguing while the Frenchman tried to conjure up some terrible insult in Italian from his obviously limited vocabulary. When he couldn't come up with one, he looked to us for help. I turned around to see my English friend making his way to where the operator was standing. The crowd, anxious to see what he was going to do, respectfully made way for him. On reaching the Frenchman, he leaned over secretively and whispered into his ear. Although we couldn't make out what he was saying, we watched as the Frenchman's face lit up with a kind of sadistic anticipation. When the Englishman had finished, he hurriedly beat a retreat and took his place next to me. There was a mysterious smile on his face, as if he were harboring some amusing secret all his own. He wouldn't tell me a thing, though; all he said was, "You'll see."

Well, I watched the Frenchman attentively, waiting to see what he was going to say. Apparently he was rehearsing his lines, for his lips moved silently and he wore an expression of concentration. The Italian was all the while standing in bewilderment, not understanding in the least what was going on.

There was a deathly silence that lasted only a few seconds. Then the Frenchman, in all his fury, spat out a sentence in Italian, shaking his fist defiantly at his opposer. This done, he assumed a fighting position, rolled up his sleeves, and prepared for the worst. So did we all -- all, that is, except those who understood Italian.

At first the Italian's face went blank; he looked like a man who had just been hit on the head and was dazed from

the impact. We waited in horror: what could he possibly said that was so devastating?

And then a strange thing happened: the Italian began to smile -- slowly at first, then little by little it widened until his whole face was laughing and his body shook with convulsions.

The longer the Italian laughed, the more annoyed the Frenchman became; finally, when it seemed he could bear it no longer, the Italian took out a pocket Italian-French dictionary and said in French, "And you have lovely eyes too, monsieur." At first the Frenchman didn't understand; then when it had dawned on him exactly what he had said, he, too, began to laugh.

I must say, it was strange to watch two men who, minutes earlier, had been arguing passionately, laughing so heartily together. They both kept repeating "...lovely eyes!" to each other, until they were in such a fit of hysterics they were rendered speechless.

When they had recovered somewhat, the Italian took out a booklet of conversational French and stammered out an apology to the operator, who, using the same Italian-French booklet, returned the apology in Italian. They shook hands warmly, and the operator made a space for the Italian by his side. Somebody from the crowd broke out a bottle of wine, and the Frenchman took a loaf of bread from his bag, both of which were passed around among us all. The Italian started singing the "Marseillaise," which apparently was the only French he knew; and it wasn't long before everyone had joined in until the little car seemed to shake with the noise. When we had finished with that, the Frenchman took up the "Ave Maria," and we continued in this manner all the way back to Chamonix.

When I stepped out of the car I almost felt like kissing the ground; instead, I straightaway bought an ice cream cone to celebrate not having to die from starvation or freeze to death in a crevasse. French ice cream had never, I thought happily, tasted so good.

"MOON SONG"

Cold, white Moon, take a
Deep look into my empty eyes.
I do not fear you;

Even when you chill
My heart with your songs of my
Bitter solitude.

You dare to mock me,
For you fear nothing up there
Frozen above me.

You see me as an
Ant in the placid snow drifts,
Trapped under Fate's foot.

"MISSED MOON"

It looks like I will miss
the full Moon again;
The clouds are here instead
to bring me rain.

No orange, twilight twin
of her brother the setting Sun.

It seems like I'll never
see her face again;
Or experience confused
thoughts of Luna's reign.

No pale, creamy white
Of the eye watching night.

It feels like forever I will
be waiting for her again,
But that will never be too long.

- Robert O'Leary



A dirty day she had today:
 twas hard to clean the grime away
 and settle into home at last,
 and analyze the happ'nings past.
 A pot of tea brewed on the shelf,
 the loafing one surveyed herself
 to learn the way she'd ratified
 response; if she'd been satisfied.
 But just as tributaries met
 to form the flowing bracelet,
 as chime escaped electric wires.
 Annoyance burned in singing fires.
 Loafing one did rise to see
 just who had come so thoughtlessly
 this day, the Friday afternoon.
 Tomorrow, yes: now was too soon!
 And through the hole for safety made,
 she spied a brimmed hat barricade -
 but surely underneath was Joan!
 (a true friend, help to one alone!)

"Joan, my doll! Say, how've you been?
 It's good to see your face again,
 but let me take your hat and coat.
 What's happened since when last you wrote?"

"Joan I am, I am not Joan!
 Too long I think you've been alone!
 To see such craze evokes a groan,
 for no, poor dear, I am not Joan!"

The loafer never oped the door -
 she couldn't take a moment more
 of disappointment, full despair
 to realize Joan was not there!
 But passing thoughts do linger not,
 and this one its potential got;
 since dinnertime had crept upon,
 the loafer turned the oven on.
 Reading words on back of box,
 a seven chime escaped the clock,
 but it was only six, she knew.
 The dying chime was rung anew.

Annoyance singed but did not char,
 and patience for the secular
 who rang the bells to enter lives
 arose - of entry not deprived.
 "Oh Joan, my love! The strangest guest
 did ring. I thought it you, my best!
 But no, he said he was not Joan,
 so off he went, and I'm alone!
 Enter, love, I've got some tea.
 Let's share some talk, what's new with me.
 But first I'll take your coat and hat.

The new guest said, "We'll none of that!
 Joan I am, I am not Joan!
 I'm not the guest who left you lone!
 To see such loss evokes a moan,
 for no, poor dear, I am not Joan!"

The loafer's tears did well, not fall;
 these oafs were friendly, after all.
 And, hurt a bit, she showed him out.
 Again affection went without.

She vowed the door would ring again,
 and she would wait, in case her friend
 would really show; now twice a game
 had disappointed and ashamed.

As hours passed, she went to bed,
 where chimes of lovedays filled her head,
 beside the visions there of Joan,
 deserting her on earth alone.

Joan he was, he was not Joan,
 he was the one made chimes so tone;
 and even after eyes had closed,
 he came to her if so she chose.

A damp and horrid mound of dirt
 lay stiller than the starched shirt
 that sat in loafer's wardrobe room,
 that had escaped its owner's tomb.
 Loafer's life had gone with Joan,
 yet still remained she quite alone.

- Tracy Blackmer

THE SEARCH

They were hidden by their fright
from goodness, strength, and dawn's pure light.

The day had ended, gone in peace.
The cheerers left the stands, obese
with all that they had felt that day,
and all that life had thrown away.
Close lup to left; a quiet spot,
sat two whose hope for air had fought;
in darkened corners of the show
where only feelers, cautious, go.
These pals had spent the day in smiles,
in rapture at the other's trials
with each to conquer confidence
enough to win back innocence.

And so the sun had flown, and they
had watched the crowd transpire away.
The sun with crowds will often fly
and lose itself, 'ere they go by.
The eyes, as if attached by rod,
did follow sun (the path it trod).
The meaning of their glued intents?
To know, to win back innocence.

Alone remained, and deep in thought,
the pals to this, the chosen spot.
Their laughs escaped, afraid and low,
for nowhere could be seen their foe
although they knew he'd stationed there -
Alas! The night would never share.

Then music from the bowels deep,
from far below the stands did seep
into the bones of dissidents
who sought to win back innocence.

There's noone here whom life can own
enough to call a loss, a loan
which at a beck can be recalled.
It doesn't work that way, at all.

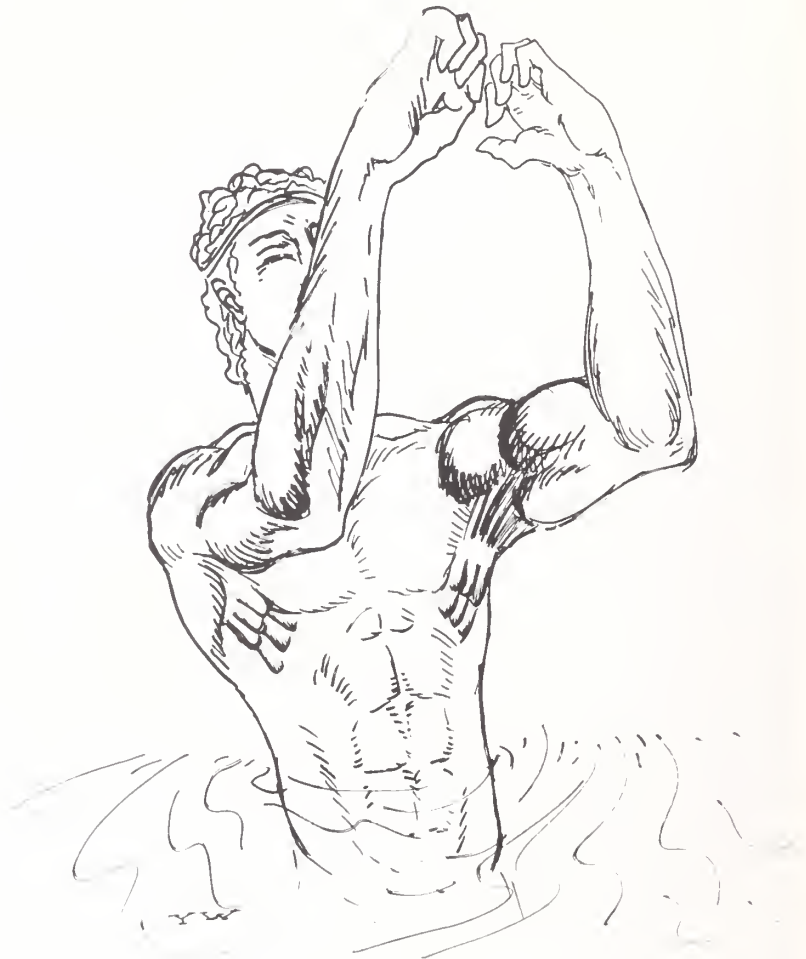
Bats flew low and pecked the heads
of those who felt they'd long be dead
before they'd search for futile good:
they'd had sufficient time to brood.
And clotted blood from bats and black
was matted deep in every crack.
Their thoughts did wander with the clots
as here they dampened chosen spots.

Blind they seemed! Well kown and plain
it was that search they did in vain,
and searches such shall lead you hence,
if what you seek is innocence:

A darker place than there before
when you had opened every door
and found but darkness' other side!
You failed, yes; at least you tried.

FOREVER HIDDEN by their fright
from goodness, strength, and dawn's pure light.

-Tracy Blackmer



A SCHEME TO GET RICH

Paul Laurino

"We can get five hundred bucks from under Wilson's little plank on the floor. An' I bet there's even more," said Jake.

"Okay, Jake, Did he tell you where it was and how much, so you could just stroll right into his shack and swipe it?" replied Bill.

"No, screw-up, I seen 'im hidin' in there. I been spyin' on 'im. He hid ten fifties under a loose plank. Ther's gotta be more already in there. When he goes out for his drive tonight to town with his dog, we jimie the window and split the money for the three of us. You gonna help me?"

"If the money's there, yeah. But if not then you're paying me yourself - we're breaking and entering, that's illegal, so I'm not going to do it for nothing," said Bill.

"I ain't payin' you nothin'. The money's there," said Jake. "You in too, Pillsbury?"

"Yeah, I'm going. But I'm serious, Jake. Stop calling me Pillsbury," answered the third boy.

Jake smiled, poked the boy's fat stomach and mussed his hair.

Jake, Bill, and Pillsbury were the local scum of the rural town Broken Rock, Oregon. They didn't go to school or have jobs. They just hung around starting trouble - drinking, pilfering, vandalizing - waiting until they were finally kicked out of town or ended up in jail. Jake was the stupidest of the group and thus the leader. He liked to pick on the other two since he was bigger than them both. Bill was probably the smartest and had the most common sense of the three, which didn't amount to much. Pillsbury was just fat. He was always puffing, sweating, and eating. Needless to say they were not very popular with anyone, except the local rodents, who could boast that there were at least three guys lower on the social scale than they.

Mr. Wilson, the old gentleman the trio were planning to rip off, was a quiet widower who lived alone with his gray poodle named Monty in a small cabin in a back part of Broken Rock's woods. Each Friday night he and Monty took a ride in Mr. Wilson's blue pickup into town for

several hours. Mr. Wilson socialized with the townsfolk and sold his homemade preserves. In this way he made money, quite a bit, because his jellies and jams were well liked. On this particular Friday evening Mr. Wilson set out as usual for town with Monty. As his truck disappeared down the road, Jake, Bill and Pillsbury came out from behind a bush and scurried up to a window of Mr. Wilson's house. Jake was carrying a crowbar.

"Hey, Jake, we don't need the bar. Wilson leaves his windows open," said Bill when he reached Wilson's bedroom window. He lifted the pane up all the way.

"Move over, I'm goin' in first." Jake shoved Bill out of the way and pulled himself into the house. "Ugh! It smells disgusting in here."

Bill was a little smaller than Jake and had trouble getting in the window. Jake tried to pull him in. "Hey, Pillsbury," Jake called. "Lay down an' get Bill climb onto your stomach so he can get in."

Pillsbury whimpered but laid down. After Bill got in Pillsbury began to force his way in the window.

"Guys, can you pull me in or something? I think I'm stuck," Pillsbury called. He was halfway through the window and couldn't move.

"That's what you get for being so fat," replied Bill.

"It's not my fault. I'm big-boned."

"Just wait there an' keep a watchout for Wilson. It'll be a second 'fore we get the money, then we can take off," said Jake.

"Aw, c'mon, it hurts," Pillsbury moaned. He continued to try to wedge his way in.

"The money's over here, under the bed," Jake told Bill.

"Damn, you're right. It does stink in here. Wilson must keep the windows open to air the place out," Bill said.

"Smells like dead animals, don't it?" Jake asked pushing aside Wilson's bed.

Suddenly there was a loud crash behind them, followed by a low whimper.

"Pillsbury got in," Bill laughed.

The obese boy was splayed on the floor beneath the window moaning. "Oh, my head."

"Here's the board," Jake exclaimed, lifting the loose plank. Bill looked over Jake's shoulder into the open space in the floor. He saw nothing. Jake stuck his hand in and felt around. "I got somethin'," he said. He pulled out a wad of bills.

"There must be at least two thousand dollars there," Bill said.

"Yeah, at least," Jake said smiling.

"Guys, look what I found!" Pillsbury yelled. He was looking through an open door down into Wilson's basement. Jake

I'm taking a load of it free."

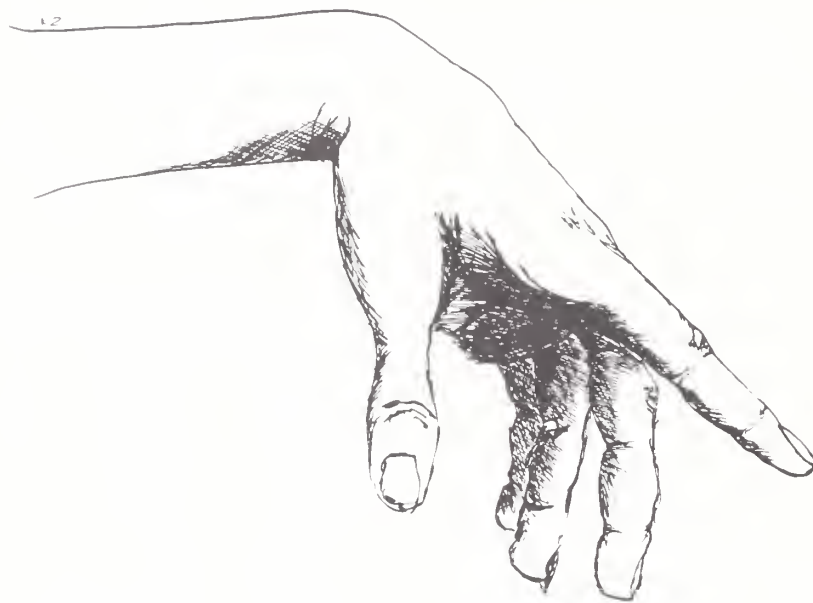
"You've got three seconds, Pill. Then we're leavin'."

Suddenly Pill slipped and fell to the concrete floor amid the smashed glass of the jars he was holding. "Ow, my leg."

"What a bean-head," Jake muttered. He and Bill went down into the cellar to get Pillsbury.

"I slipped on this," said Pillsbury nervously, showing Jake and Bill the furry, empty skin of a squirrel.

"Damn, look," Jake said pointing to a



and Bill quickly ran over to him when they saw their friend's eyes wide open and his mouth agape.

"A room full of marmalade!" Pillsbury whooped bounding into the cellar.

"A dough-boy's dream," Bill observed as he and Jake watched Pillsbury run into the cellar and begin to gather armfuls of the jars of jams and jellies.

"Forget it, Pill," Jake called. "We got the money; you can buy all the food you want later. Let's go."

"No way," Pillsbury replied. "I've had Wilson's marmalade before; it's great.

corner of the cellar, "there's more of 'em."

Most of the cellar was lined with shelves stocked with jars of preserves. There was a refrigerated bin in the middle of the floor filled with assorted fruits. But in the corner that Jake was pointing was a huge pile of the remains of dead squirrels, rabbits, and woodchucks.

"Bogus," yelled Pillsbury. "Is animal guts Wilson's secret ingredient? And I ate the stuff!" Pillsbury started to push all the spilled marmalade away from him.

"I think you should just clean that mess you made of my floor young man," said Mr. Wilson from the stairs. He had his long rifle, which he used to hunt the woodland creatures, aimed at the three boys. His poodle Monty was by his side.

"Mr. Wilson," exclaimed Jake. "Oh please sir, we're sorry 'bout this all. We just --."

"Is that my money in your hand?"

"Uh... well...yes, but here it is all back," said Jake laying down the money. "Please don't shoot me. If you let me go I promise I'll go far 'way, you'll never see me again, I swear. An' I swear I won't tell anyone 'bout the guts in your jelly. I'll even help you sell it if you want."

Wilson chuckled. "No thanks son, I'll sell it myself. But I can't believe you would rob me. I'm lucky I came back to get Monty the doggie snacks I forgot." Monty barked. "...or else you'd have all my money."

"I'm really sorry. If you turn us in it'll be punishment enough," Jake cried.

"But if you tell anyone about the animal juices in my preserves no one will buy them anymore."

"But I promise."

"Son, said Wilson, "I can't take the chance. Most people would be turned off by the thought of squirrel and woodchuck added into their preserves. But there's nothing wrong with it. The juices aren't

unhealthy. They are full of protein and make the jelly taste good. Don't you like them?" Wilson asked Pillsbury.

"Yes, sir, I love your preserves. They're the best I've ever tasted," replied Pillsbury, nervously eyeing Wilson's rifle.

"In fact, I bet your full of a lot of tasty juices yourself," said Wilson to Pillsbury. "You all are I bet," Wilson added, looking at all the boys. Monty barked in agreement.

"Can I make you boys a sandwich?" Wilson asked.

Mr. Wilson's subtle play on words was lost on Jake, Bill, and Pillsbury. Mr. Wilson killed the three boys as mercifully as he could, shooting them in the brains so that they would die instantly. Considering what small targets he must have had to work with, he did a good job. Thus did Jake, Bill, and Pillsbury's useless lives come to an end. In fact, Wilson finally found some use for them, even if it was their being spread between two pieces of bread. Mr. Wilson added Jake to his grape jam, Bill to his orange, and Pillsbury to his raspberry.

The boys were finally popular with the townsfolk; everyone loved to eat them. They were so popular, Mr. Wilson sold more jars of preserves than he had ever sold before. Could I be onto something, thought Mr. Wilson.

WHERE DO THE BUTTERFLIES GO

*Where do the butterflies go in the rain?
They are so beautiful I have to complain.
If a storm brews and the sky turns grey,
The butterflies begin to fly away.
When the flowers are wet and sprinkled with dew,
Where are the butterflies? If only I knew!
Wings as if painted by some great artist,
unable to be copied by even the smartest,
An inspiration to the greatest of minds,
They were here since the beginning of time.
It must be wonderful to be a rose,
To have a butterfly tickle your nose.
Happily they float from flower to flower;
If you stare too long, you'll fall under their power.
Like the fairies that people never see,
unknowingly, they spread their glee.
What the mystic mermaids are to roaring seas,
so are the butterflies that rest in the trees.
Little butterfly, you have made my day;
Why, Oh, Why won't you stay?*

- Justin Roberson

LOGIC

I didn't know why it happened.
I didn't understand.
Did I do something wrong?
Did I deserve this?
How come it hurts?
I now know the answer.
I cut myself open
and tore my life apart.
No wonder I bled.

- Lauren George

BRAINPAIN

An effort, put forth.
A positive result, awaited,
but never actually arriving.
A disappointment,
crushing, razing, wasting
one's hopes.
Material objects can
all be restored,
but noone can rebuild
destruction of the mind.

- Lauren George

WINTER'S WHITE

Down it falls,
Silently sweeping the earth
Of all impurities,
Running its fingers
Through clusters of rainbows,
And nurturing land
With a pure woven blanket;
There it remains,
Its hidden joy ignored
(Yet not unnoticed)
Until all is dissolved
But a pool of tears.

- Kimberly Ann Gatto

WHERE'S THE BUS?

I stand there waiting in a freeze
With watering eyes and trembling knees.
While wintry weather blows its breeze,
I look upward and say "Oh please,
Lord, bring the bus!"

And as if held in some strange trance
I move the legs inside my pants,
I move my toes as if to dance,
All of which for a futile chance
To keep me warm.

I rub my hands; and then pinch my thighs
To see if I am still alive.
And then I finally realize
That Life is waiting for a downtown bus
in chilling snows and windy gusts.

For the more we try to get ahead
More often than not we're stuck,
Waiting for that downtown bus;
And all that's left for us
Is the chilling snow and windy gusts.

- Lincoln Matra

JULY 31, TUESDAY

Let's talk
Let's strangle a metaphor
or beat a cliché
discuss the weather
in mediocre phrasing
speculate the coming rain
or "my it's hot"
oh really.
I would never
guess, not during
the summer.

- Jean McCall

NO HATE WILL CAUSE MY VOICE TO FAIL

The sun from yellow-orange heat
to purple pain it grew, complete.
Its fresh and living glow did turn
to agony. Our treetops burned.

We two were slow and sluggish then:
We didn't feel much, but when
our words spilled out for none to know,
and we into the dark did go.

The unfamiliar place we'd see
was more complete than him or me.
I, lonely for some aid from him,
sat silent when the sunlights dimmed.

Some pieces of the life we'd known
did flash and linger, squeak and moan.
Our minds were in no harmony,
for he thought love, and I thought me.

Rolling over rocks let loose,
dirt unleashed and sleep induced
by memories that rolled as well,
We drove. I felt some darkness quell.

A house that lived in tarnished dreams
opened to the right, it seemed -
or were we dreaming every time?
(the mind commits some heinous crimes...)

A dream must not be tampered with,
but this time, yes, since life was myth,
and dreams we knew had long since changed.
We had our persons rearranged.

Nothing sacred, nothing saved -
I saw one day the driveway paved!
The lawn become a parking lot! -
while we with sadness saneness bought.

Bargaining with what we had,
we sought to keep from going mad;
giving up our happiness
for what we thought was far the best.

A turn saw visions of the sleds,
the children piles, in my head.
The hill that once had been the track
for superhuman races, hacked!

Machinery of nightmare day
when all this love had passed away
echoed in the lonely mind,
and we left normal love behind.

My loves into a shopping mall
had been converted, one and all.
The concrete stains the memory
that blurry, teary eyes can't see.

I saw the new folks wave hello,
and, in their eyes, that we would go,
"The silence is a waste," I said.
"Let's go, and leave the era dead."

And driving over shiny rocks,
we reset all internal clocks.
No need is there to see what's gone,
no need to staple broken bonds.
The cluttered mind again was clear -
A semblance to some joy we neared!
Amazing I remember all:
It was that day, I learned to crawl.
The tender spots were never missed,
the weak, by hatred's fire kissed.

Intensely feeling from the past
the burns from sad mistakes at last.
It took until this broken day
for pain to swell and make its way
down pathways to our sorrow spot:
the Heart. The past we'd finally fought
and won, I think, now looking back
from comfort, future, steps retracked.
And if we lost, no winners won;
at least we spoiled all their fun!

'Tis hard to grasp, that we've survived
such show of strength, yet we're alive
in every sense, to tell this tale.
No hate will cause my voice to fail.

- Tracy Blackmer

A DAY IN THE WOODS

An innocent sat in a tree
and moved with breezes easily.
He meant no harm to friend or foe,
he meant discomfort to forego.

As innocents so often do,
this one his fortress overthrew;
for happy winds did whistle sweet,
and Sunday brightness watered heat.
As streams flowed gaily through his head
and comfort matched the good of bed,
this innocent was helpless too!
(The tree and shadow cooler grew.)

And suddenly a visitor
whom he had seen some time before
approached with stealth and cautiousness
so as to not disturb his rest.
But whether guests are kind or cruel,
or we consider sage or fool,
our peace is ruined for a while:
unknowing, we respond and smile.

Hello, dear friend, a forest treat!
How nice to stay here, loved complete
by wind and tree, and creature too!
What wonderfals can nature do!!
The furry snuggled close and warmed
himself on innocent's heat and formed.
Diffuse did what the latter'd gained -
through centuries of being trained -
to hold to what would keep him good
and healthy, if the rulers would
allow to stay the lucky one
who lived a life and had some fun.
And thus was done - and so was lost
the goodness that his life had cost!

And then our naughty visitor
wiped remnants off the forest floor
from where it stained his sick white clothes,
and beat the fair with shatt'ring blows.

The innocent lay snoveling
and shadow tree still hovering,
his Sunday rolled to neverland.
He wiped his face with one good hand.

-Tracy Blackmer



BEAUTY

Laura Taste

Beatrice stood in front of the full length mirror of her room and looked at her nakedness reflecting back at her. She turned slowly to her right side, to the left side and finally twisted her neck to look at her back image. A wrinkled brow showed disgust at what she saw and hastily turned to look at her image face to face.

She could remember the times when her body was slim and beautiful. Her curves were distinctive and almost perfect. But now the small mounds of her breasts were drooping with heaviness. Her hips were fleshy and not firm as they were eight and a half months ago. Her thighs were slim and powerful, and she confidently ran the 100-yard dash faster than any other team mate of the varsity track. Despondently, Beatrice looked at them. She squeezed the right thigh and pinched a half inch of excess flesh in disgust.

"You're ugly!" She shouted in anger at the image staring at her in the mirror. "You're ugly!" Then Beatrice cried out as a sharp pain struck in her lower abdomen. The baby was kicking more frequently; the time for her delivery was drawing near. She brought

her hands up to caress her swollen belly to calm the child within. As she stood fondling it, Beatrice admitted that it was the ugliest of her disfigurements. She was as big as a house she thought and she hated it. It was all Michael's fault, she raged in her heart and mind. It's all his fault.

Beatrice grabbed at the rose flowered maternity dress and pulled it over her head. She dispensed with a slip because it was becoming uncomfortable as was the pretty lacy maternity panties her mother had brought for her. She zipped up the front panel of the dress and went to stand near the window. Below, she saw Tracey and Stephanie starting out on their nature walks with their boyfriends. Beatrice wondered how they could bear to see them. They were the ones who had caused all the trouble in the first place. Nutty I guess, Beatrice thought and watched, with a tear in her eye, the couples gradually disappearing among the trees.

The forest surrounding the Harley House was the best for quiet walks and picnics. It was so alive with life and beauty that she herself would sometimes travel along the broken path alone to Shanty Pond and watch the wild ducks feed and bathe...

Beatrice turned toward the knock at her bedroom door. She really did not want to be in company at the time so she avoided answering hoping the party on the opposite side would believe her out. But the knock came again, more persistent, and her name was called.

"Beatrice, open the door. I know you're in there." The female voice claimed.

It was Mother Jeffrey, the founder and the manager of the Harley House. It had been established twenty-five years ago upon the sudden death of her seventeen year old daughter Harley. Mother Jeffrey never mentioned what happened to her daughter, only saying that Harley's death was peculiar. Mother Jeffrey was just as alone as Beatrice, except for the family of girls at the Harley House.

Twenty-five girls were in residence in the house which was capable of housing thirty odd girls and a major nursery. Some girls found their own

ways to Mother Jeffrey while others like Beatrice were sent by their parents. Nevertheless she was grateful to be out from under the thick pall of tension that was always in the atmosphere at home. Her parents came once a month and called every other week, but it always seem begrudgingly.

Beatrice thought over the calender in her mind and wondered could it be time for her parents' next visit.

"I want to be alone right now Mother Jeffrey."

"Yes, but open the door for a moment. I want to show you something."

Reluctantly, Beatrice went and pulled the massive door open. Wordlessly, Mother Jeffrey took her by the hand and led her down the hall corridor and down the semi-spiral staircase to the parlor. Beatrice said nothing but her curioisity was getting the best of her.

As she stepped over the threshold after Mother Jeffrey, her lips formed a small "o" when her eyes beheld the tall male figure before her. She stood motionless, expressionless and speechless. Mother Jeffrey smiled at him and then squeezed Beatrice's hand as a good luck gesture and went out of the parlor closing the double doors quietly behind her.

For several moments the two stood looking at each other and scanning the whole person for any changes. There was none on either side. Then Beatrice spoke.

"Michael?"

"Hi. How ya doin'?"

"What are you doing here?" Beatrice snapped.

"I came to see you and the baby."

Beatrice showed no mercy for his feelings and blurted, "Why? You hadn't bothered for eight and a half months, why now?" Beatrice went to stand by the nine feet window decorated with red velvet curtains and looked out. The sun was high in the sky a little to the left. Its rays radiated into the room brilliantly awakening the furniture, and as a beam passed by her to hit the floor, Beatrice was touched and warmed by it.

"I know, I just couldn't stay away any longer. I found out where you were from--"

"My parents." Beatrice interrupted.

"-no, from Lisa. I haven't talked to your parents."

Beatrice looked at Michael in disgust. He had deserted her eight and a half months ago! She could remember that horrible night as it it were yesterday. As she stood watching him she recalled how he called her a liar and denied that the child was his. The connotations behind his words sickened her. They had been in the living room of Michael's home, arguing, and when Michael's parents came rushing into the room, Beatrice was walking out. It had been the last time she had ever seen him, and at the time she had not cared. But as the months of her pregnancy continued she became more lonely and depressed without him, and she hated herself because she could not hate him as she wanted. Now he stood before her still the same Michael she loved, tearing her apart at his very presence.

"Who else knows you're here?"

Beatrice questioned sternly, wanting to know if he would tell anyone whom he was going to visit and why.

"My parents, Jackson, Troy, Michelle ..."

Beatrice could only look away when she heard the list. They were her closest friends. Her chest heaved and the baby moved slightly within her as she deeply sighed and tried desperately to hold back the tears that threatened to fall. She heard Michael's footsteps approaching her over the thickness of the carpet. She was so much aware of him.

"I just couldn't stay away any longer, Beauty."

The familiar nickname buckled her knees and she tried to regain her composure.

"I was stupid to have left you and the baby, and now I am willing to take on my responsibilities."

Michael brought his large hands to rest upon Beatrice's shoulders and she stiffened subconsciously. But instead of releasing his hands, Michael tenderly embraced her above the swollen abdomen, clutching her arms together. He whispered in her right ear and rested his chin on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry Beauty. I'm sorry."

CAGE

From the depths of suburbia rose
A little girl with a little whine.
Already dressed in designer clothes,
She was just another off the assembly line.

On her birthday, when she turned ten,
Her parents threw a great big bash.
She was showered with presents again and again
(Not to mention just a little cash).

What fun being young in golden days!
Only a few fiery fits and feuds.
"Don't worry, John, it's just a phase -
Buy her a blouse or those new cowboy boots."

She was caged like an animal into a world of east -
All the new fashions, all the best friends.
To open the bars she lacked the keys;
But who would want this perfection to end?

Sixteen was such a magic age!
Parties, dances, and football games;
Choosing to ignore her invisible cage,
She went with her friends who were really just names.

Daddy bought her a 'vette for graduation -
(She was class president, you know).
Those green-eyed girls flashed their congratulations,
But she knew it was just for show.

Oh Daddy wouldn't think, and mother wouldn't dream
That their golden-haired child
Was not exactly peaches and cream,
Was not quite undefiled.

See, life for her was easy, so easy!
She had never even begun to try.
So in her room, looking out at the trees,
She lay down her head and began to cry.

- Liz Siegel



GOOD FRIEND OF MINE

Last thing I remember I was sitting down,
I had too many drinks,
I was falling around.

Then walked on over that good friend of mine,
he gave me some pills,
told me I'd feel fine.

There upon my mirror, sat a gram of snow,
I began to freak out,
and from there I don't know.

Now I sit alone inside these rubber walls,
I've got one deck of smokes,
and a sik-pack of talls.

Here comes another man to do his crime,
but I don't believe it,
he's that good friend of mine.

I said "Hey buddy, whatchya doin' here?"
he turned and walked away,
like he just didn't care.

Here I sit so lonely, paying dues in time,
thank you good friend,
you've been a good friend of mine.

- Corka

PADDY

Paddy, don't you throw that stone at me,
can't you see I've got a home and family?
Paddy, I've just got a job to do,
can't you see I'm not really after you?

Paddy, It's not fair to you and I,
why must we watch each other die?
Paddy, I'm not even very sure,
who's winning this endless war.

Paddy, why can't we try to work things out,
then we may realize what we're fighting about.
Paddy, why can't we start today,
by putting all of our guns away?

- Corka

LADY JANE

Remember me, my sweet Lady Jane,
life is so short, memories remain.
Skies of blacks and darkened greys,
an endless reign of ten long days.

Lady Jane, is love such a crime,
that we had to share such a short time?
You were my queen and I your king,
sharing a song that voices can't sing.

Lady Jane, when will we meet again,
why did this love ever have to end?
Lady Jane, will it ever be the same?
I miss you now, memories remain.

- Corka

THE LAST EXPERIENCE (September 18, 1970)

I feel this world is trembling,
crumbling beneath my feet.
I feel the music that's trembling,
I keep on hearing the beat.

But that's not all I am saying,
to get caught up in time;
I take these words among us,
and place them into rhyme.

I keep going through the bustle,
to the crowd which gathered 'round,
to see this man they call Jimi,
and hear the voice of his sound.

My head keeps on spinning,
like a top without a mind;
they say I can not keep running;
this is the end of the line.

I know that I am a mortal,
but these fools they can not see.
They want someone here to guide them,
and they're looking for me.

- Corka

BOBBY'S SONG
(how it is)

Bobby liked his ladies,
in his arms by the dash-board lights.
He liked drinking J.D.'s,
and getting into fights.

So somehow,
somewhere,
on some Saturday night
he punched his car,
through the middle of a red street light.
Twisted steel,
an orange and yellow-blue glow,
nothing's real,
'cuz they'll just never know,
how it is,
to lose somebody
how it is,
to lose a friend,
how it hurts,
to say good-bye,
how it hurts,
to watch it end.

Bobby,
why'd you have to go?
I wish you were alive.
Bobby, will I ever know,
why God let me survive?

They always said that you were heading,
down the deadend street of life.
They said that you were always playing,
with the sharp edge of the knife.
But they don't know how it is,
to lose a real friend,
and they don't know how it is,
to watch it all end.

Bobby, they don't even know,
and maybe they never will,
how much it hurt to watch you go,
Bobby, I love you still.

- Corka



MORNING LOVE

Like the sun that streaks
across the sky,
I rise each day for you.
I kiss you as you start your
day
with the morning's dew.

- Corka

PEACE WITH HONOR

Peace with honor, so easily said,
can you tell me why my brother is
dead?

He came home in a wooden box,
he never moves, he never talks.

Peace with honor, a blind man's dream,
whoes life could it ever redeem?
Children loving a man they've
never kown,
waiting for a father that never
came home.

Peace with honor, was it all a lie?
Why did all these young boys die?
Peace with honor, like once before,
what were our boys fighting for?

- Corka



WAITING FOR THE STORM

John Radosta

It's a hot summer afternoon and the four of us are sitting on Joe's back porch, waiting for the storm. It's been a long time coming, and I think we need it about now. Maybe it'll break up this heat wave we've been having for the past two weeks. It'll certainly help Joe's and Bobby's wilting gardens. That doesn't matter much to me; I work in an office on Tremont Street.

We can hear the ominous rumbling of the storm, even though it's still miles off yet. Steve and Joe are arguing about Reagan and the MX, pausing at every peal of thunder to check the tempest's approach.

"I'm telling you," Steve says as he finishes his second brew in twenty minutes. "The MX is the best thing Reagan's done in four years. No way the Reds gonna attack us."

"Bull!" says Joe. "Everyone knows the clown's going to get us in a war. That's why I voted for Carter."

"Carter? Are you crazy? After what he did in Iran?"

"Aw, come on Steve. You know it

wasn't his fault."

While they are bickering, Bobby, who, at age 60 is almost old enough to be lmy father, pulls me aside. "Sit here," he says, putting his hand on the porch step he's sitting on. He reaches over to the cooler and gets a Bud. "You want one?" he asks.

"Sure" I say. He hands the can to me and reaches for another. I open it and take a long swallow. It's cold and feels good.

We sit in silence for a few minutes. The only sounds are Joe and Steve behind us and the thunder a few miles in front of us.

"Damn heat," Bobby says finally.

"The rain will break it," I say.

"Maybe," he says, and takes a sip of his beer.

A streak of lightning illuminates the fading sky. A couple seconds later, another roll of thunder.

"This could be the one." Bobby says mysteriously.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"My grandfather used to tell me when I was a youngster about a storm that would come some day. He said it would be the worst storm in history, worse than Noah's. He called it the Final Storm." Another roar of thunder shook the house, as if to punctuate Bob's sentence."

"Sounds interesting," I say to him. "Tell me about it."

"Well," he says, "it's a long story." He looks at the slowly approaching clouds. "But why not?" He takes a deep breath and begins: "My family - the Roths - is very old. It's been traced back as far as the early 1300's in England. Thirteen-twelve, to be exact. That year, there was a terrible storm that did some heavy damage, especially on the west coast of Britain. The period right after that is when the first Roth appeared. I can't remember his name now - it's been a long time. But that's not important anyway."

"The Roths weren't a noble family, but it did grow to be quite extensive. I think one son, or grandson, did become somewhat successful in some trade or another - again, I don't remember the details, if they were even told to me. He built a small house, a manor house, in the outskirts of London and had a coat-of-arms drawn up. It has a lightning bolt in the center, to signify the storm they supposedly rose out of. I have a copy of it somewhere at home."

He stops here and finishes his beer, then gets another one. Steve and Joe have stopped agruing and now are listening to Bobby's story. Another flicker of light brightens the gloom. I look at the second hand of my watch and wait for the thunder. Five seconds. The storm is six or seven miles away. After tasting the beer, Bobby continues.

"Generation after generation, the storm became a greater and greater part of the family history. Legends grew up around it. Some said a bolt of lightning hit a small tree and it became a person - people didn't know too much about biology then. Others said that Charles, now I remember his name - that's the first one - was a piece of lightning himself. Don't ask me how that came about. I've spent fifty-five years trying to figure it out."

"After a while, the legends expanded from the beginning of the Roths to the end. Someone decided that since they came in with a storm, they'd go out with one. One even bigger than the first."

"In 1620, on the Mayflower, bound for the New World and the English colonies, the first Roth came to America. He started a family and settled down in Plymouth. After several bouts with the Indians, Mr. Roth began to feel his family was invincible and that the storm that would destroy the Roths would just have to rout the rest of the world too. Heh, heh."

Again he pauses and looks at the clouds. Only a couple of miles away now. A heavy wind is starting to pick up. The humidity is rising. I finish my beer. It's warm.

"Well," says Bob, yawning. "I better hurry, not much time left."

"Nothing much happened till my father was born in '99. My grandmother died right after he was born. When he was five, my grandfather told him the story. He really believed in it with all his heart. When doubleyuh doubleyuh one broke out, he thouth that would be it. He thought America would capture them and that would be the end."

"But, of course, they both survived. And in 1923 my father married his high school sweetheart and a year later I was me. And when I was five, my grandfather told me the story."

"After that, I always hid in the cellar whenever there was a big storm. I remember I fainted once when I was nine because I heard there was a tornado warning. Heh, heh. Did that till I was twelve."

"When I was twenty, The Big One broke out. Like my father did before, I thought this was the 'storm' that would end the Roth family, and in '45, when they dropped the A-bomb on the Japs, I really thought that was it. But it wasn't."

I got married in '51 but we never had any kids. We tried, but the doctor said she couldn't have any babies. Then, in '65, the cancer got her. Damn cigarettes." He spits on the ground, maybe to accentuate his curse.

Thunder and lightning sound and flash almost simultaneously. The first light raindrops start falling. The bright sunshine of an hour ago has given way to the artificial darkness the massive rain clouds. Another flash of lightning lights the sky, and the sudden thunder is deafening. The acrid smell of a fire not too far away stings our nostrils.

"I'm getting old now," finishes Bob. "I'm the last Roth, and I think this is the Final Storm. That's my story," he says simply.

"You're not old" says Joe. "And besides, this doesn't look like much more than a summertime thunderstorm. It'll pass by tomorrow."

Another cloud crosses Bobby's face. He looks sad and pained. "A year ago next

week," he says solemnly, "the doctor told me I had a year. Damn cancer; killed my wife, now it's killed me. I'm tellin' you, this is my grandfather's Final Storm. Now stay quiet and let's wait for it."

The guys' faces are all white, and I suppose mine is too. The three of us are watching Bob. A tear seems to fill his eye and trickle down his cheek, but it's probably the rain, isn't it?

The rain is coming down harder now, bit and heavy drops. The distant fire is throwing an orange glow on the dense black clouds above. I'm sure Steve and Joe share my thoughts about Bob's story. Is it true? Or is it some fantasy of a dying friend who wants to die with some dignity? The look on his face seems to show he believes every word he has said. He reaches for a beer, opens it, and sighs.

WHEN THE RAIN COMES

*The silver mist told
me that it was time to go
toward the place where
gray mirrors are hung on the
outside of buildings.
"Undoubtedly...limbo,"
I said to myself
as I thought of how I would
be traveling.*

*It rained down on the clay sculptures.
I walked in their midst.
Soon, everything became mud.
From the ugly mess, I built utopia.
It was a great deed, but
again, a silver mist came.
I was not supposed to stay.*

*My true destination was the place
of unpolished looking-glasses and
of fixed uncertainty and
of voluntary ignorance.
So I walked three more miles;
then I came to a stream.
This was where I stopped.*

- Thomas DeFreitas

"AULD LANG SYNE"

Robert O'Leary

"Happy New Year!" People singing and dancing as the fireworks melted into the harbor.

"Happy New Year!" People revelling and calling and shaking hands with strange, new friends and wishing well.

"Happy New Year!" A man, with a cherry for a nose, grabs my hand with a quick squeeze and a shake, and stumbles to the door of the train through masses of warm, flowing spirits.

"Happy New Year!" We are home at the platform; my friend's worries are relieved.

He sees an old acquaintance whom he had forgotten, and who, likewise, had forgotten him, but still we stop and exchange words of greeting on this merry occasion.

Off nearby somewhere I hear two derelict souls, full of emptiness:

"Let's beat on ...!"

"Let's go."

"Let's beat on ...!"

"Let's go."

"Yeah, sounds like fun!"

"Let's go NOW!!!"

A blow like any other blow, and the wind whistled:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind..."

Oh my head!

"Haven't had enough, huh?"

The blur of light above still cutting though me in my shattered sight, and the hammer hits on and on, tapping, banging:

Should old acquaintance be forgot..."

Over and over on my head.

Then the blur was lost to darkness and the hammering stopped. Was it there? Or was it just a nightmare brought to sight from the shadows of my inner mind?

Two hands grabbing, I cringe, but they are friendly:

"and taste of blood and wine."

The hands drag me home through a litany of curses of vengeance, I could never possess:

"For auld lang syne, my dear"

Friends

"For auld lang syne"

The wind is still whispering and screaming:

"We'll take a cup of kindness yet..."

And I say through bloody lips and parched soul:

"For Auld Lang Syne."

JULY 29, Sunday

two-oh-eight in the morning I can't get to sleep
I got insomniac's blues
-friend of mine time ago had the same little pain
in his brain
(but that's centuries past.)
what do you stay-up-and-think about
you have none of your worries to see
till I finally caught on to the sorry idea
it was me
and he wanted to go
two-oh-eight in the morning on april the ninth
a billion of songs in my mind
I dialed the phone looking for a reply that he
never said - goodbye
I-don't-care-I-don't-care-I-don't-
Let's be reasonable can we talk about this I got
thousands of questions to say
-like any old pain he was cured of me so he
made sure that the illness was gone
-for good this time -
I-don't-care-I-don't-care-I-don't-

- Jean McCall

THE PHILOSOPHER

He is so excited about what he teaches;
gesturing with his hands,
drawing stick figures on the blackboard --
this is man, and this, the world.
When asked a question,
he looks at the ceiling,
as it here hung cue cards with the answers.
His replies are long;
rephrased, re-explained, misunderstood.

How can he make a living off of something so
abstract?

The meaning of life -
The existence of G-d -
Arguments circling back to themselves.
If life is so debatable,
Do we really exist at all?
Or is this all just an illusion
of bored philosophers?

- Rae Eskin



HERE'S TO CRIME

Potential criminals, we all are.
Temptation tugs at us by night and day...
 awake or asleep.
The seeds of corruption lie in our hearts,
 patiently or impatiently...
Waiting to blossom into flowers of evil.
Just so, potential victims we all are.
Every day we read the headlines:
 crimes of passion, crimes of war
 crimes for kicks and crimes for gains.
Many go undetected, unpunished,
 and often pay very well, indeed.
Only the very naive deny it.

So here's to crime, coupled with a man's pride!
Here's to posterity! To the bloodhounds and scavengers
 of history!
Nero, here's to you!
To the shaking heads and trembling limbs, and hands
 thrown up in horror,
I send greetings!

Turn inward your eyes and examine mercilessly
 your passions, your unvoiced desires.
Line them up and scrutinize them in the light.
Reflect how opportunity might have made Acts out of
 them.
And then - then only - in the words
 of that Jew of Nazareth,
"He that is without sin among you,
let him first cast a stone."

- Nolan-Michael

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

What would you do if you lived all alone
In a big white house on a huge property zone
If you sat back and listened and heard not a tone,
With no music, radio, T.V. or phone?
What would you do?

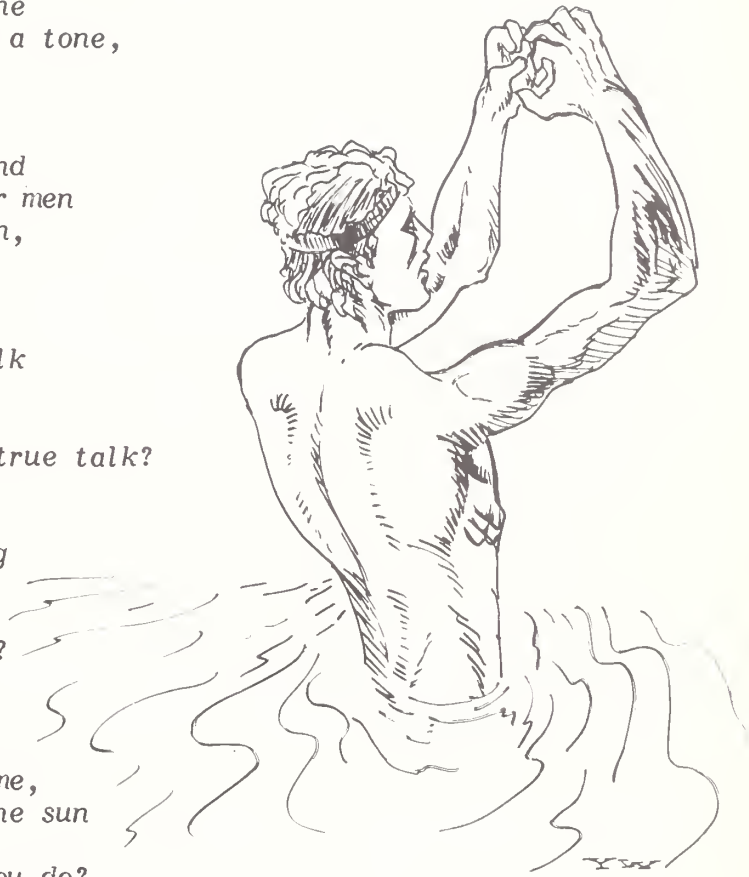
What would you do if you had only one friend
Who meant everything to you above all other men
And one day he left but you never knew when,
Never to be seen or heard from again?
What would you do?

What would you do if you went out for a walk
And people stared at you as if in mock
And at your house, the kids threw rocks
And about yourself there was gossip and untrue talk?
What would you do?

What would you do if you cried all day long
Without the cheer of any bird's song,
and you knew you just didn't belong
In this world you're in - harsh and strong?
What would you do?

What would you do if the doorbell had rung
And you went to answer it but no one had come,
But on the doorstep, shining brightly in the sun
was a .38 caliber shotgun?
What would you do? Really... what would you do?

- Nolan



THE FATE OF LITTLE BOBBY

Little Bobby asked Big Brother David why
he was taking that pretty colored pill.
Big Brother David said that he had a head-
ache and the pill would make it go away.
Big Brother David lied.

Little Bobby had the sniffles one day.
He remembered that Big Brother David kept
his special headache pills in the third
drawer under his socks.
Little Bobby thought that taking a pretty
colored pill would make his sniffles go
away.

It did.

- Christine LaRosa

THE FOREST OF NO RETURN

Don't go in the woods at night
When the moon is full and bright.
An eerie snarl drifts through the trees,
a drawn-out howl wafts on the breeze.

Crouching in the brush ahead
Lies something that fills your
soul with dread.
A clip of teeth, a slash of claws;
your neck is caught between its jaws.

Your corpse falls down between the fern:
You've entered the forest of no return.

- Lupus Lignus

BEFORE DAWN

There is no reason to rise to early morning
So my hand stops the alarming screams
Before they leave the clock's open face.

My heart beats and I lie alone.
Heart's beating does not bother me.
It only calms me down.

And a minute can be so long
Before the crack of dawn.
I dream in peace.

- Arnold J. Kemp

A GRAVEYARD

Quiet.
Looking from the top of a hill down
at a city,
Gray stone blocks never stopping.

Once we played baseball
here in the graveyard.
Once we flew a kite, lit a firecracker.
No respect.

As I watch the sky turn pink and orange,
and the sun shines behind the graveyard,
I look from the hilltop
down at the darkening city.

- Rae Eskin

WONDERING

Sometimes I wonder if I'm able
To do the things I say I would,
(To live a story, myth or fable,
And just not do the things I should.)

But then I think, why sit and scheme?
I'll do the things I said I would!
Although I'd rather sit and dream,
and wonder if I really could.

- Lupus Lignum

SUCH A FRIENDLY SIR

Such a friendly sir,
Your job to aid such as I.
And Oh! Do you!
With your winning smile
I can barely see
The muck that rests on your bottom.
With your cheerful eyes,
Like snowflakes glinting,
I can barely tell
You'd like to see me broken.
Sun after sun,
And moons in between,
You move as a sloth
With a Carnival Mask
(Such a beautiful facade!).
Swinging slowly,
slowly,
Plodding from branch to branch
With a glowing painted grin,
Desiring only your next meal
And on undisturbed sleep.
What soft and tender hands you have:
Bumblebees,
I'd like to touch them
But I've long learned the use of pockets.
Perhaps if I keep quite still,
You will fly away.

- Rachel E. Adams

THE BOY IN THE WHITE CAP (Died: 12/7/81)

A subway station, busy and crowded,
Who would expect that horror would strike?
A perfect day, the sun is glittering on
the newfallen snow;
Yet he must now take his life.
The train speeds in as we approach the edge
of the platform,
And he jumps,
The Boy in the White Cap.

This machine, now deadly, is splashed with blood,
Its conductor, pale, and empty inside
Over the person he unwittingly killed.

Why?
Why did he take his life so cruelly?
Was he lonely? Desperate?
Did he feel useless in this "land of bounty"?
How many others took their lives here,
here in this crowded railway station?
Only the tracks themselves could tell me.
But, why?
How could these people cause others to suffer,
Just to relieve their own pain?

I have often said "I could kill myself,"
So jokingly,
But this boy actually did--right in front of me,
Right in front of me...

- Karen Crawford

AUTUMN

As I walked down a lonely road,
on a pleasant October day,
I stopped to smell the breeze,
Hear the leaves rustling,
and watch the birds fly away.
They scattered across the pond,
singing their shrill high song.
I blinked a moment,
and then they were gone,
and even the crows did not stay.

- Justin Roberson

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